

## SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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## BRINGING UP YOUR BOY.

If you want your boy to develop the best that is in him, keep the lad away from a private tutor, send him to a large mixed school, and don't class the youngsters there as "contaminating influences." The average of juvenile liars, braggarts and prigs is highest in the domain of the private tutor and lowest in the mixed school where, in the rude fellowship of the playground the lads are sized up and trimmed down by their fellows, who are no respecters of persons.

Mama's boy, kept at home, with the diplomatic tutor at his elbow, is soon convinced that he is Too Utterly Sweet for Anything. There is no one to dispute that conclusion; certainly mother doesn't nor the salaried tutor; and so the lad swells with conceit and becomes a prig of degree. He was born, as all boys are, without much of a moral code and has to be taught, in a way he will remember, that lying and backbiting and telling on others and various other vices are bad form. Mother is always as blind as a bat; tutor is discreet; and the boy grows up with all his natural imperfections thick upon him.

He wouldn't have done so in a public school. "The spots," as the saying goes, would be "knocked off of him." Sissiness in a boy always succumbs to the jibes and taunts and horseplay of the masculine sort, and the boy is thus prepared in some degree for the struggle of life; at least he is kept from entering that struggle with a fatal handicap. If the boy is a prig on the school-ground, somebody likes him, which is the best antidote for the disease. If he is a liar, he is called a liar, and if he wants to fight about it he will be accommodated. By and by he gets ashamed of lying. If he is a bully, he is eventually bullied. If he steals and is caught, he never hears the last of it for years and may be led, in the long run, to conclude that honesty is the best policy. Whenever the public school boy shows an angle, something happens to that angle; and though life may seem pretty gloomy to him at times, the discipline is good for him and the boy comes out of it all the wiser for the experience.

Private tutoring is just about as bad for girls. When you find a languishing, sentimental young person, full of silly romance; her mind dwelling on boys of whom she has evolved types from her inner consciousness, and without a sensible idea in her head, ten to one she has been taught at home to keep her from "contaminating influences." What that girl needed was the ridicule, the mockery and the jeers she would have got in a mixed school and the attrition of numbers. That would have emancipated her, if anything could, from cant and nonsense, and made her fit to someday bring up children of her own.

## The Duration of Life

Washington Star.

When tuberculosis and other preventable causes of excessive mortality are mastered; when those less than fifty tell the truth about their youth and those more than eighty do the same about their age, it may be possible for actuaries to figure on 150 years as the span of human life.

These and many other interesting facts about the duration of human life have been presented by John K. Gore, of Newark, N. J., its president, to the Actuaries' Society of America.

"There is evidence," Mr. Gore says, "that for more than two hundred years at least there has been in Europe and America a more or less continuous decrease in the mean duration of human life. In the last fifty years there has been a very decided decrease in the general death rate. In the United States the only satisfactory data are the gross death rate figures in from seven to thirteen principal cities from 1851 to 1901. From these it is shown that the death rate of 1851 was 28 to a thousand of population, and in 1901 it was 21 to a thousand. Thousands upon thousands of preventable deaths still occur every year, though deaths from tuberculosis have decreased in our Northern cities from more than 30 to less than 20 in 10,000 population. During the same period deaths from typhoid decreased from 5 to 3 in 10,000.

"In a recent address a well known American clergyman stated that the average of longevity had increased seven years in the last ten years, 'since man has learned to exercise common sense in eating, drinking and the other acts of life.' Such a statement is manifestly a gross exaggeration. During the last half century the mean duration of life in the United States increased perhaps ten or twelve years. Seven or eight of these added years were for the ages between birth and five years.

"With all the increase in the total number of years lived there is no proof of any lengthening of the extreme span of life. Improvement is due to a very great decrease in infantile deaths and a small decrease at the other ages up to middle life. Above fifty the decrease has been very small or there has been an actual increase.

"Records as to the ages of very old persons have always been unreliable, showing a tendency to exaggeration, and it may be that there has been a gradual change toward accuracy. Careful study of the combined effect of tuberculosis and other preventable diseases would probably show that with these diseases eliminated the limiting age of man could be extended to 150 years and higher. It is not unlikely that the limiting age of man lies somewhere near 150, and that he is now prevented from attaining that age by the presence of a multitude of factors which are coming to be recognized as preventable."

## Ericsson Type the True One

N. Y. Evening Post.

Fashions in battleships change as certainly as the style of women's hats. When Ericsson brought out the Monitor a revolution was at hand not only in the change of materials and the use of armor, but in the effort to show nothing above water, except a "chessbox on a raft." This style lasted for some years and remains today the best. But the English navy reverted to its high sides, iron walls succeeding the wooden that made Britannia mistress of the seas—and our own Navy Department imitated the British when it began to rebuild the navy in 1882, and has been imitating it ever since. But now after the world cruise of our fleet, the fashion is changing again. Bow ornaments, some of the boats, and deck-houses are to go. "Much of the material," it is reported to day, "which has hitherto made the main deck of a battleship an overcrowded platform has been placed below deck out of sight and range." This does the whirling of time bring its revenges. We may yet live to see the new and monstrous masts that disfigure our craft disappear, and genuine honor paid to Ericsson by returning to his plans. In these days of artificial ventilation hundreds of feet underground, there can no longer be the excuse that the monitors cannot be made habitable for their crews. Naval engineering has solved far more difficult problems. And Ericsson's truth, that a fighting ship should show as small an above-water mark as possible, remains irrefutable.

## Tropics in Brief

In the neighborhood of Nairobi, British East Africa, shots are now being fired that are heard round the world.—New York Evening Post.

Now the suffragette sisters are calling the Pope "an old bachelor." Occasionally they do get hold of an indisputable proposition.—New York Sun.

Abdul Hamid of Turkey, Abdul Aziz of Morocco, and Abdul Castro of Venezuela are in a position to organize a new Order of Descendants.—New York Evening Post.

Out of the many wives of the sultan, how many do you suppose there are who are telling him that if he had listened to her all this would not have happened?—New York Mail.

To be able to talk to Mars would be cheap at \$10,000,000. The Tribune will cheerfully agree to be one of 10,000,000 contributors to raise the needed amount.—Chicago Tribune.

There are some people who are more afraid that Mr. Roosevelt's sojourn in Africa will give this country the sleeping-sickness, than that he will catch it himself.—Augusta Chronicle.

## Philistine Notes

The Bystander, having gone into the country to avoid making invidious remarks about current affairs, a habit to which he is greatly addicted and which, at times, is prejudicial to the health of others, has left his column to be filled this week with some casual remarks by the master of Philistia, Fra Albertus.

In the dark days of the War, good men without number came forward and advised Lincoln how to settle the difficulty. One of these was a New York clergyman, who, bringing a letter from Horace Greeley, was duly admitted. Lincoln listened to his well-meant vapors for about fifteen minutes, and then broke in gently with this: "Friend, you remind me of a man in Chicago—may I tell you a little anecdote about him?"

"I would be much pleased to hear about him, Mr. President," replied the clergyman. And Lincoln told this:

"Well, this man in Chicago never had done a day's work in his life, and having no business of his own had plenty of time to meditate. So one day he thought out a wonderful scheme for making a million dollars before night.

"He hastened downtown, fearing the details of his plan would escape him, and laid the whole matter before a sure-enough wheat speculator, offering him half the profit—a kind of driftwood contract.

"The wheat man listened, and then said to the man: 'You should let all such ideas alone—my advice is for you to go right home and attend strictly to your own business.'

"But," said the man, "I have no business!"

"Well, in that case, get one—no matter what it is, get a business, and attend to it."

In Gotham dwells one Marshall P. Wilder, Rogue in Ordinary, and Half-Portion Pirate. This hammered-down microbe makes people laugh, and while they are guffawing he removes their wallets.

He is a Nature Fakir who belongs to the Ananias Club and Sapphira Circle by divine right. He butts in on the Predatory Rich, pipe-lining their product into his own tank. They say he is in cahoots with Yim Hill and plays pinochle with Piepoint. Anyway, I saw these three chuckling together the other day as if they had just pulled the market.

But in justice to the Shameless Saved-off, it must be said that he makes two smiles grow where there was only Grouch before.

But here is what I was going to say: Marsh keeps a wonderful system of books. He has seventeen thousand jokes, many of them seventeen thousand years old. All of these jokes are numbered, classified, and codified—especially codified.

Marsh can turn to his day-book, which is kept in cipher, and tell you the jokes he cracked any day during the past forty years.

Moreover, he can tell you the name of every man he has met during that time.

All of his acquaintances are indexed and rated according to their deserts. If he meets a man and likes him better than he did last, he changes the man's rating. It is all in cipher, mind you, and done simply by the use of numbers and letters.

I have known Marsh for twenty-nine years, come St. Gladheimer Day, and when we meet I roar me under his hypnotic spell as if I had been given Laughing Gas—and I guess that is what it is.

How I am rated in his Index I do not know, and so far I haven't had the courage to ask.

The worst about Tillman is that he deceives the people by preaching Class Hatred. That is where our friends at Girard, Kansas, show themselves to be yowlers from Yowlville. Jeremiah the Prophet was sincere. Jerry jerked jeremiads overtime three thousand years ago, but the world hasn't come to an end yet.

"Power is in nature the essential measure of right."

This tremendous truth was uttered by one of the greatest thinkers and mildest-mannered men of all time, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Nature allows nothing to live that is not self-reliant; she sweeps into her graveyard the thing that can not support itself. The hurricanes blow through the forests and level to the ground the trees that can not withstand the blast.

The hurricanes of chance blow forever against the human being, and they who are not fortified with inner resources, who are not self-reliant and unafraid, are levelled like the trees in the forest.

There is no nobler sight than to see a sapling bend before a strong wind and then proudly right itself.

Every time we allow some one to do something that we could have done ourselves we undermine to just that extent the foundations of Self-Reliance.

All luxury tends to degrade the human being by making him more and more dependent upon the external world.

The more a man depends on what he has got, the less he will depend on what he is.

Every useless possession is only another brick around the neck of Self-Reliance.

The human soul is an inexhaustible battery, a storehouse of infinite forces. It never fails the self-reliant mind. Only extraneous opposing forces can destroy those internal forces.

How few discover themselves! How few dare rely on themselves! How few dare believe in themselves!

There is nothing harder than the achievement of a constant Self-Reliance. But it is supremely great just because the few achieve it.

## Is Shakespeare Dead?

The Outlook.

The encounter between Shakespeare and Mark Twain, lately reported, is a bloodless one so far as Shakespeare is concerned. Not one of his blows, direct or indirect, aimed at that smiling figure, reaches him. "If you strike a king, you must kill him," was the sage advice which Emerson once gave to a young critic of Plato. If Mark Twain had followed this wise counsel, he would never have allowed this extraordinarily thin volume in construction, material, form, and size to come from the press. It is made up of selections from his autobiography. If he had printed it in that form and omitted the name of Shakespeare, it would have indicated that Mark Twain is still alive, and a host of friends hope that statement will long continue to be true. The same friends will as earnestly hope that Mark Twain will spare his reputation any further assaults of the kind represented by this book. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, this volume is a thing of naught. There are occasional entertaining passages, descriptions of life on the Mississippi; there is also a great deal of dreary reading. The title of the book ought to be "Extracts from the Autobiography of a Humorist, Unfortunately Selected by Himself."

## Progress During One Man's Life

The Boston Traveler.

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Rucker, retired, father-in-law of General Philip Sheridan, celebrated in Washington yesterday his ninety-seventh birthday. General Rucker was fighting Indians in Cherokee land before the Mexican war broke out; he served as an aid to General Taylor at Buena Vista, and helped to keep order among the California miners in '49. He went through the Civil War and later saw service scouting and fighting Indians all over the Western plains.

General Rucker was a baby in arms when MacDonough was fighting on Lake Champlain and Perry on Lake Erie. When he was born, slavery was accepted as an obedience to God's law. Education was limited to the upper classes. The methods of production were advanced but little from the time of the Middle Ages. During this one man's span of life some of the most interesting developments in the world's history have taken place, and in a way he has had a part in the stirring adventures which helped to bring about these changes. We hope that General Rucker will live to pass his hundredth anniversary.

## Commercial News

By R. O. Matheson.

Although the strike among the Oahu plantation laborers is rapidly disintegrating and there appears less and less prospect every day of the trouble breaking out on any of the plantations not now affected, there is no appreciable advances on the local Exchange in the quotations for stocks. The reason is creditable to the holders of stock, being that there was no evidence whatever on their part of any desire to unload or sacrifice when the strike began or since, the prices in consequence holding steady. The only marked effect of the strike on the local market has been the falling off in the number of transactions recorded, the volume of business being small.

During the past week the aggregate sales have been larger than for the past few weeks, with somewhat better prices prevailing. Oahu appears particularly active and strong, the sales of the week starting in at 30 and closing at 31.25, a total of 1460 shares being transferred. The holders were offering at 30.125 on Tuesday, the opening day of the Exchange, and asked 31.50 yesterday, with 31.25 bid.

Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar was also an active stock, fluctuating between 29.875 and 30.50, opening and closing the week with sales at 30. Five hundred and seventy shares in all were traded.

These were the only active stocks. Ewa was in little demand, for some reason, opening with 26.875 bid and 27.25 asked, a falling off from the closing figures of the previous week, when sales were made at 27.375; 185 shares were sold, in six lots, all at 27.25.

The week was marked by several bond transactions, one \$10,000 block of Haiku 6s selling a dollar over par, an advance of fifty cents over the last recorded sale. A small block of Oloa 6s marked an advance of a quarter point for these bonds; Waialua 6s sold at par, and McBryde 6s at 94, the figure previously set.

## The Strike Situation.

The strike situation, in short, is that the Japanese strikers are generally commencing to recognize the futility of their fight and are about ready to give up. The fact that they have put their trust in the hands of more or less irresponsible leaders, who have not proved themselves big enough to handle the situation they have brought about, is becoming apparent to even the least intelligent, while the leaders themselves are drifting deeper and deeper into the entanglements they set for others. To all practical purposes the strike has been broken. The strikers are almost ready to ask for terms. If there is one-third of the six thousand strikers out a week from now, it will be surprising. (Continued on Page Five.)

## Small Talks

CAPTAIN GOODWIN—If I ever go back to sea, I may try a steamer.

JOHN KAMIKO—I hear that the Cathcart crowd is already planning for the nomination and election of A. M. Brown as the next sheriff.

HERBERT MELTON AYRES—I would sooner be a secretary in Mayor Fern's office than editor of the biggest paper printed on the whole Island of Maui.

E. B. BLANCHARD—The shooting team of the High School is proving a great success. We are in hopes of having some interschool competitions before very long.

CHARLES BON—The strike is taking many of our stevedores away and we are put to it at times to get a full complement of men for our work, but we have managed so far to keep going.

FRED HANSTED—I think Honolulu a most delightful place. I can tell you that it is a great change from Alaska. I like the people here, too, and am surprised to see what excellent sportsmen are found in such a polyglot community.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN—Barbados, with a climate not so good as Hawaii's has 200,000 population. It is a small island. This Territory ought to have a million inhabitants, and might eventually get them if your transportation problems were solved.

CAPTAIN TRIPP—Mr. Woolley was certainly laboring under a delusion when he said that the first rum brought into these Islands came from Australia. Long before the Australian business was started ships loaded down with rum were sent out from Boston for the Hawaiian Islands.

JOHN SMITH—If the Pooletin keeps it up, I think I will have a rubber stamp made bearing the words Agitators and Thugs and present it to the editor. It may save him wearisome work with the pen. If he will leave blanks, the office boy can fill in the spaces with the stamp.

CAPTAIN BLACK—In the early days in Honolulu we used to have one pocket for sovereigns, one for doubloons and another for twenty dollar pieces. There was plenty of gold and little silver. We had nothing smaller than a quarter, although to make change some used to take a chisel and cut the quarters in two.

CONSUL CANAVARRO—Near Macao is the ancient but abandoned capital of Goa. It is a heap of ruins swarming with snakes. The only part of it which is kept up is the Cathedral, where the petrified body of St. Francis Xavier is preserved. Pilgrimages go there every seven years, when the body is shown in a crystal case.

SUPERVISOR QUINN—The Mayor wants the Board to buy him a \$2000 auto, so he can go around the island every month. He could hire an auto for a monthly trip at \$25 and it would cost the city and county more than twice that to keep one for the Mayor in repair and pay its running expenses. Of course he would be taking rides in it daily, and that costs.

JOHN HUGHES—The Oahu railroad shops are turning out a lot of cars for the pineapple business. The first year we built fifteen extra cars, last year we built twenty-five, and this year thirty-five more. All these are in addition to our regular cars. The pineapple business is flourishing. Out of 90,000,000 people of the United States, if each of only 7,000,000 people ate one pineapple, you can see what a big market there would be for the product.

ALLAN HERBERT—I looked into the labor conditions in Tokio and Yokohama, the combined population of which, including suburbs, must be a couple of millions. I learned that there were at the very least two hundred thousand laborers there out of work, eager and willing to take jobs that paid twenty-five cents a day. And here we have this labor trouble. It seems to me that those laborers talking of going back to Japan do not know the conditions there.

## Drifting to the Pole

The Nation.

Alfred H. Harrison, the Arctic explorer, reaffirms in the Nineteenth Century his belief in the success of any Arctic expedition which is willing to sit down on the ice and drift with the leisurely Polar current. He proposes to place on the ice, off Pula Island, in October of this year, or in 1910, three years' supplies, after careful transport down the Mackenzie River, and then to await results. According to calculations based on the voyage of eskas placed within the circular drift current, Mr. Harrison feels sure that he will float right across the centre of the Arctic Ocean within easy striking distance of the Pole, and will finally emerge in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen, where additional supplies will be awaiting him. The history of Arctic travel convinces him that the ice in itself has never presented any insurmountable difficulty. Of all those who have made regular ice-journeys, but one party has perished. The real cause of the many disasters has been, not the endeavor to make well-equipped ice-journeys, but the attempt to reach land in the summer, when compelled by lack of food. He insists that his party can, when drifting, be made perfectly comfortable in Eskimo houses, and that if he gets his provisions safely cached on the ice, the attainment of the Pole and the exploration of the unknown region "are merely a matter of slow and steady advance."

Still, it doesn't look as if it would be absolutely necessary to establish postal savings-banks to take care of the money we're all going to save under the new tariff law.—Ohio State Journal.

Spain's hopelessly backward condition appears from the fact that her \$200,000,000 loan is for agricultural improvement, reforestation, and public works, and not for Dreadnoughts.—New York Post.